

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



OLD JACINTA, ROSADA DE VALDEZ, DONNA NATELLA, AND DON BERNARDO DE VALDEZ.

THE HOUSE OF DE VALDEZ.

CHAPTER II.—THE GREAT HOUSE IN LA MOREIRA.

MODERN tourists and their handbooks speak of Cordova as a poor place, with little life, little commerce, and much of ruin and decay within its bounds; yet few cities can boast a greater history; and none presents a sadder example of the rapid decline of Spain and all things Spanish. It was the strong Corduba of the Romans when Rome and Carthage contended for the dominion of the world. It was the southern

gem in the crown of the Cæsars, the seat of learning and elegance, the birthplace of poets and philosophers. It was the capital of that western Califate which the exiled prince and poet Abderahman founded on the shores of the Atlantic; there he planted the palms of his native Syria, which have outlasted his faith and race in the land, and there, under his and his successors' sway, science, arts, and letters flourished, while Gothic Europe sat in the darkness of her middle ages. Two hundred years later it was the capital of that Christian kingdom which rose

upon the ruin of the Moors, when the Crescent at length went down before the Cross, and Spain was slowly won back to Christendom.

At the time of our tale, those grand historic days were long over, but Cordova still ranked high among Spanish cities. Situated in the midst of corn, vine, and olive bearing lands, at the foot of the Sierra Morena, and on the banks of the Guadalquivir, it was the mart of the inland trade between north and south, in a country more varied in its climate and productions than any other kingdom of Europe. Merchant caravans like that of Antonio Diaz were continually crossing the mountains to or from its gates; merchant barques were constantly passing up and down the river between it and the southern towns. The city had ancient manufactures of silk, lace, and the famous Cordovan leather, so well known and so highly prized among our own ancestors; its silversmiths and jewellers rivalled those of Italy, where such arts were carried to the highest perfection at the time, and their workmanship was sought for and traded in far beyond the borders of Spain. Cordova was also the residence of a provincial nobility, who boasted as their special inheritance what Spaniards call the bluest blood, in right of their descent from the knights and champions who won back the city from the Moors; and their favourite proverb was, that some cities might be better to live in, but none was so good to be born in as Cordova. Moreover, it was one of the strongholds of the church, having an archbishop with princely revenues, thirty-five monasteries, twenty-seven nunneries, sundry accredited shrines for pilgrimage, and a notable prison of the Inquisition.

With such incitements to so-called Christianity, no wonder that, according to popular belief, there was neither Jew, Morisco, nor heretic, to be found within the walls of Cordova, whatever hidden remnants of the kind might be suspected to lurk in other Spanish cities; and yet scarcely Granada itself presented more numerous or noble memorials of the Moorish race and rule. The cathedral still known as La Mezquita was the mosque which Abderahman had built, on the site of a Roman temple of Janus; its thousand pillars of the most precious marbles were the same which the kings of the Franks and the emperors of Constantinople had gathered for the mighty Calif, out of the numerous and forsaken fanes of the old mythology, which then existed in their lands. Its low roof and slender minarets still told of the times when that shrine was a place of pilgrimage to the followers of the prophet throughout Spain and Africa, and in the eyes of all Mohammedans second only to the Temple of Mecca. The Inquisition transacted its fearful business in the Alcazar, once the palace and the citadel of Moorish kings. The palms which the first Calif had planted grew high and green above the enclosing wall of many a monastery, and in all the principal streets, houses occupied for ages by the noblest families of the province still displayed to the observant eye the taste and style of their Arabian builders.

The form of those ancient houses, to which different times had given such different masters, was one which the Moorish occupation to some extent engrafted on the domestic architecture of Spain, which Spain transmitted to her American colonies, and even to some towns on the south-west coast of Ireland, with which her merchants carried on a considerable trade in her old and flourishing times. They were

built in that Eastern adaptation of the classical style which the Arab caught up, as he did his civilisation and learning, from the ruins and remains of the ancient world, flat-roofed and low, with a central court open to the sky, into which all the windows looked and all the doors opened, and a passage or inner porch, with a gate at the street end of it by way of communication with the world outside. Such houses were most numerous in the quarter still called La Moreria, because the poor descendants of the African conquerors had lived there, much persecuted by the church and much despised by their Spanish neighbours, till the fanatical decree of Philip the Third banished them and their race from the soil; but the largest and most splendid in its day had been inhabited by none of Moorish blood for many a generation, and it was known to the citizens of Cordova as the Casa de Valdez. There was an old tradition in the city that its builders and first occupants were of the royal race of Abderahman; that the family had maintained princely power and state, having, besides broad domains on the banks of the Guadalquivir, the possession of certain gold mines in the Sierra Morena, which, like the ancient wealth of Spain, were no longer discoverable; that they had fought bravely against the Berbers, who first ruined the Califate, and then against the Christians; but when the city was taken by the canonised king and warrior St. Ferdinand, who thus became the patron as well as the first Christian sovereign of Cordova, they contrived to escape out of it and flee to Africa, some said carrying with them an immense treasure, which others insisted they had buried in the neighbourhood, and got a Moorish sorcerer to cast a spell on the spot, so that it could never be found. At any rate, their name and their memory, except in that vague tradition, had passed away from their ancient home and hold. St. Ferdinand himself had bestowed the mansion and the lands belonging to it on a valiant knight named Lorenzo de Valdez, for good service done against the Moors, and being occupied by his descendants for more than three hundred years, it obtained their name, and was linked with their history, which, down to the living generation, had been considered as clear of blot and blemish as that of the noblest line in Old or New Castile, or even in Cordova itself.

The Casa de Valdez was a noble specimen of the Moorish style, two or three modern mansions might have been built on the ground it covered. There were three patios, or courts, within its walls, giving air and light to as many divisions of the building; every one paved with marble of various colours, and ornamented with fountains and orange-trees; there were suites of apartments fit for princes to hold state or festival in, their walls covered with beautiful arabesques, their ceilings of cypress wood, carved, painted, and gilded, and their floors richly inlaid in the manner of the Moorish mosaic. Numerous retinues had been maintained and princely banquets given in that great ancient house, by sire and son of the De Valdez lineage. Like other families of the blue blood, they had built their share of churches and convents, and done their *devoir* against mosque and Moslem. Their bridal feasts and funeral processions had been reckoned among those city shows in which the rich take pride and the poor take pleasure. The last head of the De Valdez had been famed for better things than these. Though eaten bread is soon forgotten, there were those among the old and

poor of the townspeople who still remembered, though they dare not mention, his protection against petty tyrants and his charity in times of dearth; but, like the descendants of Abderahman, the De Valdez seemed to have gone down for ever. What one Lorenzo had won another Lorenzo had lost; the Casa was no longer theirs, but the property of the Crown, made so by confiscation, which had also emptied it of all the rich and splendid furniture gathered there by the taste and wealth of many successive lords, and, like all royal property on Spanish ground, neglect and decay were doing their work within and without. The dust was deep on marble pavement and inlaid floor; the spider had hung her tapestry from the gilded ceilings; the fountains in the patios were dry; the orange-trees were withering away; the gardens behind were overgrown and wild; there was no sign or sound of life in all the stately rooms and noble corridors above and below. The property of the Crown was strictly guarded from intrusion, though it might be let run to waste, except in a back room on the ground-floor, looking out on the most backward court, and furnished with three stools, two mats, a crazy arm-chair, and a more crazy table.

The crazy arm-chair was occupied by a man whose hair and beard were of unusual length, even for that uncropping age, and perfectly grey; his figure was of unusual length and leanness too—it looked so even in the sitting posture—and at first sight he had the appearance of being clad in ceremonial robes. A second glance would have revealed that it was only a thin and somewhat ragged cloak, so disposed around him as to partially conceal hose and doublet, which were scarcely presentable; for he was without shoes, and had no nearer approach to them than what are still known in Spain as Valencia stockings, namely, those useful habiliments divested of the feet, which have been worn out by time and service. Yet the man thus attired looked every inch a don: it was in his hair, in his Romanesque features, and in his half-proud, half-melancholy look, so peculiar to the high-born Spaniard; for he was Don Bernardo de Valdez, the younger brother of the last Lorenzo, and heir-presumptive to the family mansion and estate, if they had not been confiscated.

On the best of the remaining seats sat a lady; any one would have called her so, in spite of her dress, which was threadbare black, for the look of high breeding that was about her. There were some remains of Andalusian beauty still lingering in her thin, withered face. Her hair, not yet completely silvered out of its original blackness, was somewhat coquettishly bound up with the remnant of a lace wimple and two ivory pins; and she was Donna Natella de Valdez, née Guzman, the wife of Don Bernardo, and cousin to his eminence the Archbishop of Toledo. At a little distance from her there was sitting a woman of a very different appearance. Señora Jacinta, as she was commonly called, had been duenna to the last Lorenzo's long-deceased wife, and for her sake remained with the De Valdez family through good and evil fortune. The faithful servitor, woman-of-all-work, and general manager of the far reduced establishment, was at least twice the size of her mistress; not that she was a whit less lean or withered, but nature had gifted her with more bone and muscle. Her face never had any beauty to lose, to which unenvied distinction she owed her early appointment to the post of duenna, for Jacinta was not yet fifty; but it had an expression of austerity and distraction, people said, with brood-

ing over the sins and sorrows of her former master, for which, according to the superstition of the age and country, she was believed to impose extraordinary penances on herself: including the wearing of a sackcloth gown, the cutting off her hair almost to the roots, and that most frequent trait of Spanish penance or piety, the scrupulous avoidance of soap and water.

Between Jacinta and Donna Natella the shimmering sunlight played upon the one fair young face in that dreary home, like a wild rose among the gnarled trees of some old decaying forest, Rosada de Valdez, the daughter of the last Lorenzo, and sister of Don Henrique, now supposed to be retrieving the fortunes of his family somewhere in the Spanish Main. Had her father never been accused of sorcery, Rosada would have had the bluest blood in Spain singing serenades under her window, and jousting for her sake at those remnants of the knightly tournament which yet lingered in every country, our own England not excepted, and were in especial favour on the Spanish soil, for Cervantes had not yet laughed its chivalry away. A pride and a grace would she have been to the noblest house whose heir might have sought and won her for his bride. Hers was the rare beauty of the Andalusian señora, on whose Gothic lineage the southern sun has shone for so many generations, that scarce a trace of their northern origin remains, except in the clear complexion, soft eyes, and silky hair, not to be found among the common people of the land. In the prime of southern youth, for she was just eighteen, her tall, slender, yet finely moulded figure and almost classical features, would have caught many an admiring eye, notwithstanding the skirt of coarse brown cloth and the linen kirtle, which the daughter of De Valdez wore in common with the daughters of Cordovan peasants. But beyond the outer patio, or wild overgrown garden of the great solitary house, Donna Rosada was never suffered to go, without the protecting company of the strong-armed Jacinta and an ancient mantilla which had done duty in that excellent woman's duenna days, and was kept in store ever since she assumed the sackcloth, as the cloak of maintenance for the family honour.

The regulation was not more strict than those under which all noble Spanish ladies with any pretensions to youth lived at the period. To venture abroad without the duenna, an attendant who might have been described as the peculiar institution of Spain, for her office united the functions of guardian and spy—to let the entire face become visible to the public gaze beyond the many folds of the mantilla, an outer garment which served the purposes of mantle, hood, and veil, and may yet be seen in Spanish town and village—were improprieties sufficient to disturb the peace of any first-class family, and seriously impair a young lady's chances of advantageous settlement. Whether such semi-eastern customs originated in the long Moorish occupation, and were planted in the land by those who planted the palms, or arose out of the terrors consequent on ages of war and license in the long struggle of hostile creeds and races, historians are not agreed; but certain it is that they prevailed till the accession of Philip the Fifth, who brought the Bourbon dynasty and French fashions into Spain, to the great disgust of the old-school hidalgos, most of whom held fast by that ungallant proverb which asserts that a woman

should be from home only three times—when she is christened, married, and buried.

At the time of our story, those ancient proprieties were in full force as regarded high-born señoras, or even rich ones; the daughters of the poor alone escaped them. The lowly lot, if it had not the privileges of rank and wealth, was blessed with social liberty; but the daughter of De Valdez had neither. To the pride of their birth and line, her entire family, including the penitential Jacinta, clung with the desperate stiff-neckedness of the blue blood. Through fifteen years of decreasing funds and prospects, they had kept that faith unshaken and that household idol worshipped, and in its service they had at length attained to a degree of haughty poverty, scarcely to be met with except in Spain, and more rare in their time than it is said to be in our own.

The grey-haired man who sat there so stately in his ragged cloak and Valencia stockings, had spent a wild and wasteful youth, squandering the patrimony he inherited as a younger brother in the sports and vices of the age, which the armies and viceroys of Spain had gathered from many countries and brought home, till nothing was left him but Donna Natella's dowry; and that, being but ill secured, he spent also, and then came home to reform because the time was come—and depend on the generosity and affection of his elder brother, Lorenzo. The Inquisition had swept away that trusty prop, and the confiscation had left Don Bernardo, his high-born wife and his orphan nephew and niece, nothing but leave to inhabit one backward end of their ancient house, accorded through the influence of Donna Natella's cousin, the Archbishop of Toledo; and some remnants of personal property, including the donna's jewels, and the rent, always paid in kind, of some wild pasture lands on the slope of the Sierra Morena, which she had inherited fortunately after her husband's reformation began. The don and donna would have thought of turning Jews or Mohammedans as soon as of attempting to increase their family resources by anything in the shape of business, work, or calling of any kind, except, perhaps, a government office, which was utterly beyond the reach of a man whose brother had been condemned for sorcery. It was contrary to all the traditions of hidalgo life, and they were acquainted with no other code of manners or morals. Indeed had either husband or wife been willing to abase themselves so far, there was no path of human industry or earning in which they could have succeeded, from downright incapability. The idleness and inanity of generations could not be altered by the necessities of the day: nobles they were born, and nobles they had to remain. So the small remnants of personal property which they could call their own, jewels and all, were lived upon and parted with one after another, as the years went on, till all had dwindled away, except the wild pasture lands on the slope of the Sierra. No purchaser could be found for them, or they would have gone too; but being tenanted by a humble follower of the De Valdez family, whose faith had not changed with their fortunes, the rent of these mountain pastures, and a sort of tribute to old times, paid also in kind by another protégé of the fallen house, the merchant Antonio Diaz, were now the only dependence of the entire household.

The orphan nephew, Don Henrique, born heir to such broad and fair domains, and brought up to

share such pinching poverty, had left them ten years before, happy to escape from so dreary a home. Buoyed up by the high heart and hopes of youth, he had sailed away from the port of Cadiz with his cousin, Captain Fernando de Guzman, to try his fortune in that new world of the west, from whence so many well-filled coffers and heavily laden consciences had been brought back to old Spain. Ever since his departure, the family life had flowed on in the same contracted and unvarying current, checkered only by a greater or less degree of penury, by the receipt of fair though rather vague accounts of the absent Henrique's on-getting, and by intervals of anxiety about him, when the usual period elapsed and no letters came, as latterly had been often the case.

The hot and dry climate of Andalusia, and the vein of resignation or apathy, in which the Spanish character approaches the Asiatic, enabled the remnant of the De Valdez family to exist in this fashion from year to year; but peculiarly unfavourable circumstances are apt to produce curious as well as sad results on the ways of us poor mortals. Don Bernardo had been a gay cavalier while his money or his brother's lasted; but in the eclipse of poverty, his only occupation was writing petitions to the king for the restoration of a certain part of the confiscated estate, which he maintained to be his own inheritance, in right of a family settlement made some time in the twelfth century; and his only entertainment was the study of the honours and privileges pertaining to his rank, and the records of his ancestors' alliances and achievements, set forth in heraldic parlance and with great precision in a volume compiled from authentic sources by the learned tutor of the last Lorenzo. Donna Natella had been a beauty in her young days, and great in the arts of dress and flirtation, as they were practised by Spanish belles towards the end of the sixteenth century. She would have embroidered now a robe for some saint's image, or a vestment for some churchman, but silk and gold thread were not to be had. It was the donna's lamentation that she could not keep even a confessor to pass the time with, so her chief employment consisted in sitting with her hands before her, and her principal solace in rehearsing the conquests she had made, and the splendid or festive scenes in which her youth had part.

Neither the don nor donna ever left the house, except to attend the early mass celebrated on Sundays and saints' days in the morning twilight, for those who, like themselves, could not well appear at mid-day, or the late vespers when the swiftly falling night of the south equalises people's trim and leaves little chance of recognition. They were of the blue blood, but they had no clothes, at least none in which they wished to be clearly seen. Garments of any kind were far more scarce and costly articles in that age than the progress of manufactures and machinery has made them in modern times; then knight and lady were not above accepting a cloth gown or velvet doublet, half-worn or more, from the wardrobe of a wealthy patron, and a pair of gloves were considered a fitting present for prince or princess. How could the impoverished De Valdez supply the wear and tear of years with habiliments becoming their rank? and without such, how could they become visible? Don and donna crept out and crept in at the back garden gate of their family mansion, always in the early twilight, or the sweet southern night, taking special care to avoid the busy streets, the gay prado,

or the spots lighted by lamps burning before saints' images—and there were few other lighted spots in Cordova. They had no friends or visitors, the harsh wind of misfortune had blown them all away. The proverb that the poor is separated even from his neighbour, was as true in their time and country as it is in ours. Nobody cared to be acquainted with a family whose head had been condemned by the Inquisition, and who, moreover, might want to borrow more ducats than they were likely to pay. The outdoor business and the indoor too was transacted by Señora Jacinta, and this, together with the peculiar austerities connected with her sackcloth gown and short-cut hair, kept the good woman in pretty constant employment. In that style of dress, Jacinta was indeed released from the bonds and occupations of female vanity, but she had her entertainments nevertheless; one of them was reproving and finding fault with her master and mistress whenever occasion offered—being indispensable, Jacinta was the despot of the house, or at least of the back rooms—and the other was, what she called taking out the young señora.

Rare and memorable were the occasions on which these goings forth took place. Spanish ladies did not take walks; and for the daughter of De Valdez to have art and part in any expedition that had a marketing tendency was not to be thought of; the Prado, the play, and the bull-fight were equally out of the question with her attire and escort. Family pride as well as family funds forbade the attempt; but there remained La Mezquita, the Moorish-built cathedral of Cordova, and its high masses, which are still reckoned among the sights of the city. The natural consequence of draping religion with show and ceremony is, that to the great mass of mankind the religion is apt to be lost sight of, while the show takes possession of eye and mind, and the ordinance becomes only a spectacle; so the high mass in the great cathedral was a sight which all Cordova flocked to see. It had the recommendation, moreover, of being a gratuitous one, to which rich and poor could get admission on equal terms, and there all strangers passing through the then busy and trading Cordova were expected to be seen. La Mezquita was, therefore, the only place of public amusement with which Rosada de Valdez was acquainted. There the ancient black silk mantilla, which Jacinta kept in store, was sufficient to cover the coarse brown skirt and linen kirtle, as well as the rank and beauty of the wearer. Among the odd figures of mendicant friars, perpetual pilgrims, and brothers and sisters of penitence, one more grotesquely attired than another, and abounding at that period in every Spanish city and about every Spanish shrine far more than they do now, Jacinta's remarkable appearance was scarcely out of place. All La Moreria knew that she was under a vow; and the sackcloth gown, with its accompaniments; her own look, at once stern and wild; her tall stature and strong arm, made Jacinta a guardian whom the boldest gallant would not venture to provoke, even at carnival time. Under her escort, Rosada passed through the busiest streets at the most crowded festivals, much gazed at, but never intruded on. The strange, wild-looking woman would have laid down her life in the defence of the girl she had brought up from motherless infancy, and the one hope to which Jacinta's heart clung, was that Don Henrique, the long absent brother, was making a fortune on the Spanish Main, and would bring home and bestow a

dowry sufficient to get Rosada a husband befitting her birth and rank. She had occasionally trespassed on the very slender finances of the family for wax candles to burn before certain saints, believed to be most propitious to such prayers; and with her own short-cut and neglected hair standing bolt upright, as it generally did when Jacinta got excited, she would rail at the entire generation for valuing money more than birth and beauty, while braiding and arranging to the best advantage the long and jetty tresses of the last Lorenzo's daughter.

Rosada de Valdez was worthy of the love and care of that strangely warped but deep and earnest nature. Grave and thoughtful before the time, by reason of the shadows that had fallen so darkly around her youth, she had a clearness of understanding and a strength of principle hardly to be expected from her years and education, and was yet so gentle and dutiful that the peculiarities of her family and her own position, familiarised as they were by use and want, seemed to her but the natural order of things. The young mind and unworn spirit had its longings and relish for the world of life and hope and interest beyond the walls of that great dreary house, Don Bernardo, with his ancestors and petitions, and Donna Natella, with her frequent rehearsals of by-gone splendours and triumphs. Thus the takings out were welcome things to Rosada, though few would have fancied her chaperon. One such outing she had lately had at the festival known to Spanish faith and practice as the Invocation of the Holy Cross. There had been a great gathering in the cathedral, a great display of lights and images, rich altar plate and splendid vestments, among the columns of choice marble collected by the Moorish Calif. Many strangers from the north were present—it was their time for coming to the city to transact mercantile affairs before the heat of the Andalusian summer set in; and as every province of Spain still retained its peculiar costume, customs, and manners, the scene would have been striking to eyes more familiar with the world's wonder. Rosada now sat on a low stool between Donna Natella, with her hands before her as usual, and Jacinta, industriously engaged in repairing her own gown, for even sackcloth will wear out in time. The linen she was mending, early poverty having made the daughter of De Valdez skilful in such matters, lay on the girl's lap unheeded, while her fair young face flushed up with a soft rosy tinge, and her eyes sparkled with the light and life of her fresh morning time, as she related to the old people, who could never come out by day, the marvels and magnificence of the festival in La Mezquita. The don sat and listened in his crazy arm-chair, with the records of his house—a dog-eared folio, from which the silver-plated back engraved with the family arms had long since gone to the silversmith's—on the crazy table before him, and beside it a broken ink-horn, and a small heap of papers on which he was in the habit of writing his petitions. The donna listened also, nodding her head occasionally by way of approval; and the memories of their own better days came flitting back to the poor secluded pair as their niece went on describing the glories of the altar and the oddities of the crowd.

"Ah, child," cried Donna Natella, "what was it all to the high mass celebrated in Cadiz before the sailing of the Invincible Armada, when I sat between my father and mother—may their rest be glorious!—on the second seat of the estrado erected for the

Duke of Modena, our own near relation, and his officers, and when I let fall my fan by accident, on which ten hidalgos—I know there were ten—bounded from their seats?"

"And what was it," cried Don Bernardo, "to the Te Deum sung in the cathedral of Seville in honour of my ancestor Don Theofrido of the iron arm, when he returned victorious from the holy war?"

"Beshrew your ancestors and your estradas too," cried Jacinta, jumping up in a great fright, as her manner was when she happened to hear a sound without, "there's somebody knocking at the outer gate; what can they want?"

"Maybe it is the cobbler with my shoes," said Don Bernardo, with great dignity. "Go, Jacinta, and tell him that his bill shall be paid when I have time to examine and approve his work."

"It won't take long to examine two patches and half a heel," cried Jacinta; "pray Heaven it may be the cobbler, to get your feet covered; but I'll go and see." She had got her courage back by this time,—it was the woman's way ever since the night when she opened the gate to a quiet knock, and a black band rushed in to arrest Don Lorenzo in the name of the Holy Office,—and shaking down her robe of sackcloth, the singular and not very respectful handmaid stepped out of the room and across the patio, carefully closing every door behind her.

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

OF life in the great cities of the United States, and of scenes on the usual lines of travel, we have abundant accounts. But we hear less about the home life of the Americans, in regions not crowded by commerce and traffic. Cranbrook is a quiet country village, giving its name to the little township or parish in which it stands, in the north-west corner of Connecticut. A friend of mine was till lately its minister, and a wish to see him once more led to my visit. He was the second incumbent from Dr. Jonathan Edwards, junior, who had filled the pulpit for many years—his successor, in turn, having held office for no fewer than thirty, till his death. So, you see, the Cranbrook people were at least in the past generation an old-world race, not much given to change, whatever they may have become in the present. But I must not anticipate. Let me first speak of the village itself, and how I got to it.

I had slept the night before at the inn at Blue-stone, the county town, a mile and a half off, the stage from Collinsville, where railroads stopped, having arrived very late. An excellent supper—except that the tea, like all that you get in the country in America, had hardly strength to crawl out of the pot—soon banished all thoughts of the rain through which I had driven, and a clean sweet bed gave unbroken sleep till the morning.

I rose early to walk over to Cranbrook to breakfast, and had an opportunity as I passed through the principal street to notice a few of the chief features of Bluestone. The hotel where I slept, though very respectable, turned out to be only the second, its rival wholly eclipsing it, at least in its size. A New England town, however diminutive, without a monster hotel, would, indeed, be almost a wonder. There was a morocco leather factory, and one for iron nuts and screws, and an auger factory, and a tannery,

with a good many shops; and both factories, shops, and houses, of which not a few had elegant verandahs and porches, were painted a uniform white; the houses and shops had green Venetian blinds. It was still raining slightly, but the road was sandy and dry, through a rough, climbing country. Farm-houses in the fashionable white, set off with green, skirted the road at intervals, but I passed them by until a fork in the road forced me to turn up the slope to one close at hand, to learn which was my way. It was now about six, and farm work had begun. A man sat at the door with his pail and stool, milking a cow, and a boy was at work in the stable, the man proving no other than the farmer himself. It chanced that he and his household belonged to my friend's congregation, and nothing would do to show his goodwill to his minister, on learning that I was coming to visit him, but that I should come in to breakfast, and then let him drive me the rest of the way in his waggon. Ham, eggs, butter, home-made bread like the snow, apple sauce, cucumbers, and coffee, were very soon set down before me, and in true American style, the household and I had become as much at our mutual ease as if we had known each other for long. An old woman of ninety-one, the grandmother of the household, sat knitting at the window, while I made free with their bounty, and she gave me a great many facts and reflections about the little Cranbrook world. Her husband had been a revolutionary soldier, and had been at what she called the battle of Lexington, the first fight of that wretched war. The old couple had settled in Cranbrook fifty-five years before, when it was all woods, and land could be had for a trifle. Shelves of books at one end of the room attracting my notice, the old dame broke in with the true Puritan remark that, "she sometimes thought there was most too much reading now-a-days—it took people away too much from the great book." Her ancestors had come over in Cromwell's time, and she still had the spiritual flavour of the old Pilgrim Father stock.

The worthy farmer would not think of letting me walk any farther, and harnessed up his gig with a rough, hairy horse, and drove me down. I found Cranbrook a bright, pleasant village of not many houses, but every one good, for hovels, or anything like them, are unknown in New England. The country round is hilly and barren—fitter for butter and cheese than for ploughing. The church stood on the crest of the hill as you came down on the houses, and looked very pretty through the trees around it, in its coating of white and its green Venetians. My friend was standing close by it, and thus my troubles were past for the time.

Most of the young men of Cranbrook go off as they grow up to some of the manufacturing towns, leaving a very disproportionate number of women, not a few of whom are thus robbed of a husband. It brought me in mind of a place I knew in Nova Scotia, where it was said all the young men had been lost, except one, in a privateer that had foundered in the last war—the survivor having fortunately stayed ashore. My friend was a bachelor, and boarded at a very nice house for the modest sum of eight shillings a week, for the war had not yet come to bring fabulous prices. The salary was £100 a year, with £20 as a gift besides, and a house with thirty-eight acres of land, which would soon be put at my friend's disposal. The house had got out of repair, and the congregation were busy restoring it. Thrifty farmers

made up the population, and their very names, as I learned them, showed their descent. There was Thankful Harvey, and Patience Hooks, Wealthy Bigelow, and you might see Adoniram, Mehitabel, Jerusha, Serving, and Firstborn, in old-fashioned discourse at the church porch any Sunday. Nobody sold liquor in the village, and there was consequently no drunkenness. I heard of two who had walked three miles off to get spirits of some kind, but with a sad result for themselves. The squire of the village was the tavern-keeper himself, and the two thirsty adventurers, having been met on their way back, noisy and swearing, were speedily brought up before him for drunkenness and profanity, and fined eighteen and fifteen dollars respectively, with detention till paid, while the seller was made to pay twenty-five dollars for Sabbath desecration. The local court-house was a store—the judges sat round the stove, and the culprits found a bar on the top of the wood box behind. It brought one in mind of the picture of the "First Trial by Jury," to hear such a primitive dispensation of justice.

I found books in plenty. Every house had a number, the standard writers of Britain forming the staple. New York newspapers abounded, but the people were not much led by them. They have to take them for news, but their quiet, conservative ways find no pleasure in the coarseness and want of principle that mark the editorials of too many of the prints of the great city. Few people smoked, but nearly every one chewed, and I met two old women who snuffed. There seemed to be no such word in their vocabulary as "foreigner," constant intercourse with new comers having made them instinctively adopt at once as one of themselves whoever chose to be friendly and fall into their ways. There were five schools in a circle of two miles, with young women, well-trained and respectable in every way, for teachers. There were two female M.D.'s in the neighbouring little town of Bluestone. Education seemed to be valued by all. Young men were encouraged to go off to some college, and assisted by neighbours as well as relations, though very little help was needed by most, as they did not set out till they had earned enough, in some way, to pay most of their first year's expenses, and turned to any kind of work in the recess to get what would carry them through the next. Nothing came amiss. A returned student would work in the harvest field or on the farm, or cut cordwood, or peddle books—anything, in fact, that earned money honestly. I knew one youth in Canada who crossed over to the nearest State, and hired himself to a minister as ostler and man-of-all-work in return for preparation for Yale College, at which he has since taken his M.A. He was himself a minister's son.

Each common school has a library selected by the trustees of the school district, who are elected annually by the householders. The schools are supported in all their expenses by a rate on all the property of the district, and no fees are taken from the children.

I was very much pleased with the sabbath I spent at Cranbrook. The same tunes I had always heard at home greeted me there—"Duke Street" and "Gainsboro'" amongst the number. Everything was decorous and worthy the day and the place, not the least interesting feature being a gathering of elderly men and women between the services to study the Word of God together.

The feeling towards Britain I found very kindly, in spite of all sensation articles in the papers or speeches in Congress. They had changed the sky in leaving their fatherland, but little more. In heart they respected and loved the old cradle of their race. The religious sentiment has still a hold on them which can scarcely be found elsewhere—a sentiment not of mere feeling or superstition, but very far from it, and resting on hereditary training by an intelligent, educated, and godly ministry, aided by education enjoyed by all. It seemed to me that there were not a few traits in their character which would do us no harm could we transplant them to English soil. A people so temperate, so self-reliant, so simple, and yet so acute, so given to religion in a healthy form, so well grounded in Scripture, and so universally given to reading, are grand materials for the yeomanry of a great nation.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

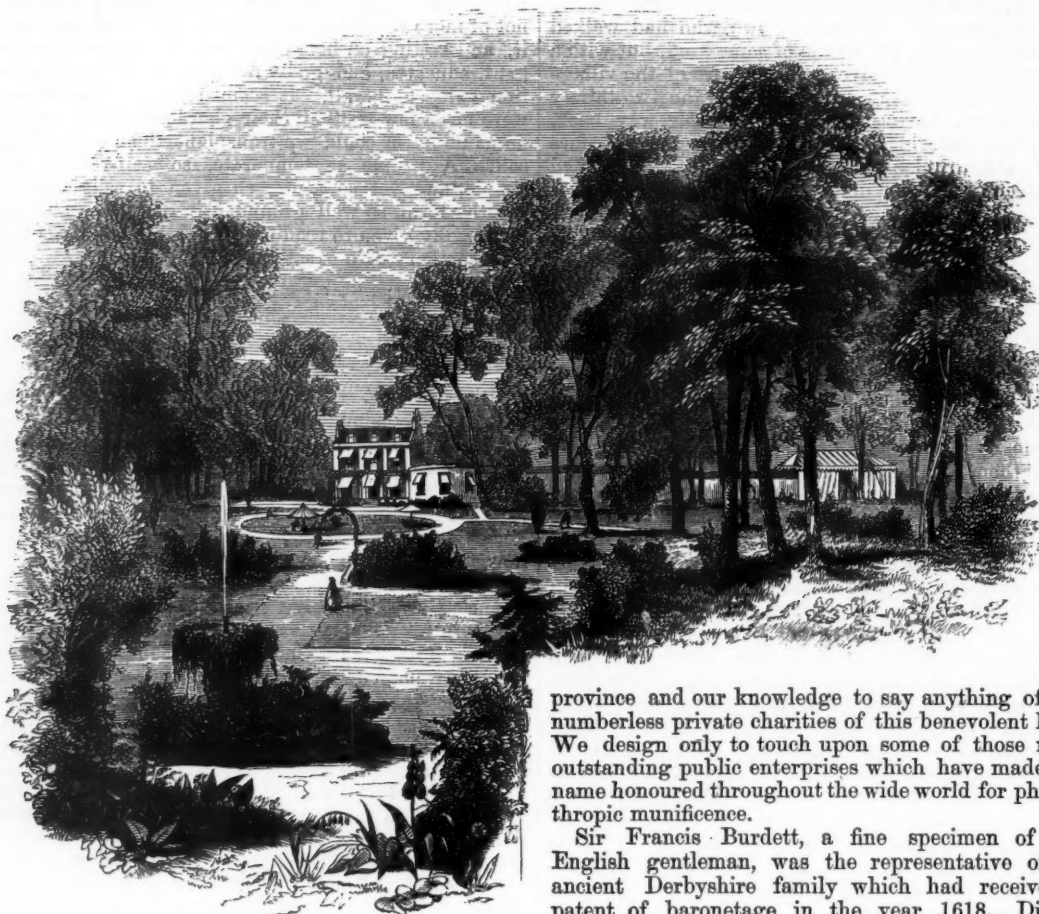
In the account of Highgate, in his "Northern Heights of London," William Howitt thus alludes to the lady whose beneficent enterprises form the subject of our present sketch. "In the house and grounds of the late Duchess of St. Albans now resides Miss Burdett Coutts, famous for her wealth, her extensive benevolence, her erection of dwelling-houses for the poor, churches for church-goers, and bishoprics for the colonies. A daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, she has not appeared ambitious to follow in his democratic steps, but rather to become a nursing mother to the Church of England. I suppose no other woman under the rank of a queen ever did so much for the Established Church; had she done it for the Catholic Church, she would undoubtedly be canonised as St. Angela. But, perhaps, the noblest and most enduring of her works is seen in the clean and smiling hearths of hitherto too much neglected and ill-housed poverty." This is so far a fair but scarcely an adequate summary of what has been done by Miss Burdett Coutts, and the readers of the "Leisure Hour" may like to know more about one of whose good and kind deeds they are constantly hearing.

The wealth which has enabled this excellent lady to abound so largely in works of useful charity, formed the fortune of her maternal grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, the well-known banker of the Strand. This fortune she inherited in 1837, on the death of the Duchess of St. Albans. Mr. Coutts was twice married; by his first wife he had three daughters—the youngest of whom became, in 1793, the wife of Sir Francis Burdett, Baronet. The second wife of Mr. Coutts was Miss Mellon, an actress, to whom he bequeathed the vast bulk of his immense fortune. Mrs. Coutts afterwards married the Duke of St. Albans; but judging it right that the money she possessed should return to the family of her first husband, she constituted the youngest and unmarried daughter of Sir Francis Burdett her heir, on condition that she should assume the name and arms of Coutts. To her husband the Duchess left an annuity of £10,000, with the life rent of the mansion in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, and of the Highgate estate, with the residence Holly Lodge, all of which, on his grace's death in 1849, reverted to Miss Coutts. The Duchess of St. Albans possessed a

noble and generous nature. At Highgate she is still remembered for her many acts of kindness and charity.

Born on the 14th April, 1814, Angela Georgina Burdett, afterwards Coutts, came to her inheri-

mere gaieties and frivolities of the fashionable world. From the first she seems to have felt that her riches were as a talent committed to her care to be used in the service of the Giver, and for the good of her fellow-creatures. It lies alike beyond our



HOLLY LODGE, HIGHGATE.

tance in her twenty-third year. Wealth so great falling to any one is never without its accompanying dangers and temptations. Had what is miscalled a life of pleasure possessed any attractions for the young heiress, she had at her command the amplest means of gratifying her inclinations. This, however, was not so; not that she excluded herself from such enjoyments as were customary in her high social station. Moore the poet relates in his diary, that having seen Miss Coutts in all her splendour at a queen's ball, he called upon her the following day and found her preparing to send her dress back to the bank. "Would you like," she asked the poet, "to see it by daylight?" On his assenting, she took him to a room up-stairs where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette, and on his asking Miss Coutts what altogether might be the value of the dress, she answered in her quiet way, "I think about a hundred thousand pounds." Happily for the best interests of many among the poor and neglected classes, Miss Coutts had higher aims in life than the

province and our knowledge to say anything of the numberless private charities of this benevolent lady. We design only to touch upon some of those more outstanding public enterprises which have made her name honoured throughout the wide world for philanthropic munificence.

Sir Francis Burdett, a fine specimen of the English gentleman, was the representative of an ancient Derbyshire family which had received a patent of baronetage in the year 1618. Distinguished by his benevolent disposition, he acquired in his time great notoriety as a politician, especially for his zeal in the cause of reform. Educated as he was at Westminster School, and for thirty years the representative of the City of Westminster in Parliament, his liberal-minded daughter was influenced by these considerations in choosing Westminster as the field of one of her earliest public acts of beneficence. In Rochester Row, and in the midst of a poor and squalid locality, Miss Coutts purchased ground, and there erected the beautiful Gothic church of St. Stephen the Martyr, as a memorial of her father, who had died in 1844. The church was opened in 1850; its handsome spire, rising conspicuously over the neighbouring buildings, attracts and pleases the eye of the visitor. An ecclesiastical district was assigned to the new church in the centre of the united parishes of St. Margaret's and St. John's. Schools and a parsonage-house were added, and indeed formed part of the scheme. The living is amply endowed. Here, among the dense surrounding population, labour the incumbent and two curates, and here upwards of five hundred children, boys and girls, receive an excellent and religious education.

The late Duke of Wellington, as a token of his friendship for Miss Coutts, and in appreciation of her benevolent undertaking, presented the altar-cloth for the new church.

While this good work was proceeding at West-

had multiplied nearly fourfold; new churches had sprung up in every direction, the colonists on their part making efforts to correspond in some measure with those of the church at home. About this time, also, the same bountiful hand endowed the bishopric



From a photograph by Bradnee, Torquay.]

*From
The South
African (in the)*

minster, the attention of Miss Coutts was directed to the state of religion in the colonies. In vain had the episcopalians of Cape Town repeatedly applied for the appointment of a bishop. Indeed, prior to the year 1847, the time of which we speak, the mother church in England had done but little for Cape Colony. Three clergymen only had she sent out, but not a single schoolmaster; nor had any funds been raised for the erection of churches or schools. Among the twelve distinct Protestant bodies labouring in missionary work at the Cape, the Church of England was not represented. It was to remedy this state of matters that the liberality of Miss Coutts was exerted in the endowment of the Cape Town bishopric. On St. Peter's Day, 1847, the Rev. Robert Gray, the present bishop, was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, and in February of the following year he arrived at his destination. Within three years of his arrival, so great was the impulse given, the clergy

of Adelaide, in South Australia. Bishop Short arrived at the scene of his labours in December, 1847. The foundation of this See, it appears, followed by but a few years the origination of the colony. In one of his early letters we find the bishop thus writing: "The progress of the colony is perfectly wonderful; to find so large and refined a society in a spot where, eleven years ago, a few naked savages huddled themselves under the open forest, is a startling proof of the energy of our countrymen, and of the success which has been given to their labours." Before the end of the first year Bishop Short had consecrated in his diocese no fewer than ten churches, while others were rapidly rising.

When on the subject of colonial bishoprics, we may refer to another noble though more recent act of the same character. Scarcely was British Columbia proclaimed in 1858 a British colony than it became

a diocese of the Church of England. This was owing to the munificence of Miss Coutts, who gave £25,000 for the endowment of the church in the colony, viz., £15,000 for the bishopric and £10,000 for the other clergy. The bishop, the Rev. George Hill, D.D., arrived at his diocese in January, 1860. Alluding to that day of small things, he thus writes: "Our church is of wood, holds about 400, and stands nobly on a site which may one day be occupied by a cathedral." At the present time an effort is being made to erect a cathedral worthy of the colony, in place of the edifice recently destroyed by fire. Here we may quote a passage from a letter of Sir E. B. Lytton (now Lord Lytton), then colonial secretary, in answer to a communication from the Archbishop of Canterbury, about the endowment of the Columbia bishopric: "To lay the foundation of a Christian church in all its completeness, simultaneously with the establishment of a civil policy, is a worthy system of colonisation. For my own part, as the minister especially charged with the superintendence and administration of the new colony, I would desire, through your grace, to express to Miss Burdett Coutts the high and grateful appreciation which I entertain of this, her latest, but not least important, contribution to the progress of Christianity and civilisation."

During the year 1854 Miss Coutts frequently visited the Whitelands Training Institution at Chelsea, being desirous of learning to what extent and with what view industrial training was there carried on. Becoming deeply interested in the system of tuition, she gave prizes to six of the most proficient female pupil teachers. In a more systematic manner, prizes of the value of £50 were annually given, and were awarded to competitors on their answers to questions concerning such common things as food, clothes, household arrangements, duties of servants, management of children and management of the sick. In a letter dated April 9th, 1856, on the subject of the competition for prizes in the preceding year, and addressed to the Rev. Harry Baber, the chaplain at Whitelands, Miss Coutts explains the delay which had occurred in settling the claims of the successful competitors. An extract from this letter will throw light upon the spirit in which she prosecutes her charitable labours. "Last summer," she writes, "I was prevented from proceeding with the plan by the breaking-up of the schools for the holidays. In the autumn, while travelling abroad, I was suddenly involved in deep affliction. It pleased God to withdraw from my daily life the encouraging and cheering influence of a dear true friend, and to leave solely to my care the object of his nearest affection, whose loss is even greater than mine. . . . During this season of bereavement the resumption of the scheme now brought to a close became for a time impossible; and even when that sad period had passed it was still a very painful duty to myself and to his widow—the dear friend who has helped me throughout this plan, and to whom I am indebted, not only for whatever information I may possess, but for my first interest in these subjects, and for the first direction of my mind to the observation of the multitude of objects of usefulness and beauty with which a merciful Father has surrounded us. From her I first learnt that happiness and comfort are the exclusive possession of no condition of life, but are attainable by most people, proceeding out of common things and simple pleasures and seldom indeed, if ever, to be wholly

missed by those who walk carefully and reverently in the footsteps of our Great Example, and who cherish a humble sympathy with all the work he has entrusted to the hands of his children."

From the address of Miss Coutts to the pupils of the same institution, read on the 5th of December, 1865, and which has been published, we quote a paragraph marked by the same ripened wisdom and benevolent thoughtfulness. "The influence of a pious, sober, gentle, Christian-spirited girl is not easily over-estimated. Her example may keep alive the love of that which is pure and of good repute in her brothers and youthful male relations; and her sisters and girlish friends will unconsciously learn to imitate that which they love and reverence in her character. In this manner a woman in early youth begins to exercise something of the motherly influence in her small circle long before she has herself become the centre of a family. When once she assumes this position she is, of course, the pivot upon which turns the domestic affection and welfare of her widened circle during the whole of life; for as it is in the mother that children must in childhood mainly seek for guidance, comfort, and support, so she is often the chief restraining power when the follies and temptations of riper years succeed, as time advances, to childhood's wants and cares."

The defect of the existing system of national education is that the town which contributes little in proportion to its wealth is liberally aided by government, while the hamlet, or outlying parish, which does its utmost, is left to struggle on unassisted. From a letter which appeared in the "Times" in January, 1865, we learn that it was while reading the last published report of the Committee of Council for Education that a plan suggested itself to Miss Coutts for the extension of the existing system, and which seemed to her, in a great measure, fitted to remedy the difficulty occasioned by its unequal operation. The principle of the plan consists in a certified teacher being the ambulatory centre of unity to a group of schools, carried on under his superintendence by teachers somewhat less highly qualified, so that, in this manner, grants of the public money might be given in aid of small and scattered parishes. The scheme conceived by Miss Coutts was drawn up by her and submitted to the Committee of Council for Education. Remarking on the proposal, a writer in the "Times" said: "Any tender for such a task is not to be disregarded; but the proposal before us has special claims to our interest and respect. A lady, as distinguished for her good sense and sagacity as for her open-handed benevolence, points out a remedy at least simple and intelligible. . . . We are disposed to think that Miss Burdett Coutts has won the prize for which statesmen and gentlemen legislators have been contending, by the solution of a great difficulty." By a minute, dated 8th February, 1865, Miss Coutts's plan was approved and sanctioned by the Committee of Council, and is now in operation.

The splendid model lodging-houses for the poor, named Columbia Square, erected by Miss Coutts, on what was known as the squalid Nova Scotia Gardens in Bethnal Green, are well worthy of a visit. From the inscription on the handsome clock-tower in the centre of the square, it appears they were commenced in May, 1858, and finished in May, 1862. More than a thousand persons are accommodated here, and supplied with every convenience in the

form of baths and washing-houses, and an ample supply of water. On the plan of Columbia Square all the model lodging-houses from the fund of the late Mr. Peabody have been built. From the time that severe distress began in Bethnal Green some years ago, Miss Coutts may be said to have adopted that necessitous neighbourhood. She has done her utmost to relieve suffering and provide employment. For instance, she has kept 150 poor needlewomen in constant work by getting the government contract for navy shirts, and giving out the work at prices which would have ruined any ordinary contractor. The "Brown's Lane Charity," where the poor needlewomen get their meals as well as their work, is, however, only one of her many forms of benevolence. From the establishment nurses are daily sent out among the sick with wine and other comforts, while outfits are provided for poor servants and winter clothing for deserving women.

The magnificent Columbia Market, opened in the presence of royalty on the 28th of April last, is the most recent of Miss Coutts's noble gifts for the advantage and convenience of the Bethnal Green poor. It was erected at a cost of about £200,000, and has the picturesqueness of a richly-finished Gothic cathedral. For beauty of design and lavish ornamentation it may safely be said that no other market in the world equals it. An admirable series of bye-laws, prominently exhibited, for the regulation of the traffic, were drawn out by Miss Coutts herself, and bear her name. One object of the seeming excess of elaborate decoration was, we understand, to give employment to skilled stone-cutters and carvers then out of work, as well as to present an object of artistic beauty to the constant observation of the frequenters of the market, with the view of improving their taste and habits. The address of the workmen presented to Miss Coutts at the opening ceremony contains these words: "We earnestly hope and pray that this edifice may realise the object of its design; that it may confer lasting benefit on this locality; that its utility may be established, and the lesson of its beauty appreciated; and that it may remain a monument to posterity of a loving spirit, a fostering care, and a bounteous benevolence." The Archbishop of Canterbury, amid other duties which devolved on him on the auspicious occasion, addressed the large crowd assembled in the quadrangle, and in a few words of simple pathos alluded to the benefits which Miss Coutts had conferred upon the whole neighbourhood, not only by the present of her market, but by her model lodging-houses, by her sewing schools, and by the efforts she had made from year to year, and intended still to make, to better the condition of the poor of Bethnal Green. When the approaches to the market are made, and such necessary arrangements as experience may suggest are effected, we trust that nothing may hinder the complete success of the magnificent scheme.

Though in no way connected with Carlisle, Miss Coutts built, at her sole cost and charge, the Church of St. Stephen's, in the citadel station district of the town. This good work she volunteered to perform in consequence of the representations made by the late Bishop Waldegrave as to the spiritual destitution of his diocese. The foundation-stone was laid by Miss Coutts herself in March, 1864, and the building opened in May, 1865. The cost was £6,000, and the architectural style what is called geometric Gothic. The most striking feature of the church is its square

tower, from the top of which an octagonal spire rises in graceful proportions, terminating in a gilt cross.

Our space will not allow of our entering into further detail in describing what remains of Miss Coutts's benefactions. We would only refer to the establishment at Shepherd's Bush for the reform of young women. There shelter is afforded, and all that kindly and judicious treatment can effect is done in order to restore those who have lapsed. Very many of the number who have lived in the institution since its existence have been reformed, and are now leading prosperous lives in the colonies. We may here also mention that Miss Coutts has largely assisted destitute families to emigrate, and in South Australia, so diverse are the forms of her charity, she has provided an establishment for the improvement of the Aborigines. For the topographical survey of Jerusalem, conducted by Sir Henry James, she supplied the funds; and among other works of a like kind we may add that the beautiful drinking-fountain in Victoria Park was the gift of her benevolence. Not far from Holly Lodge, Highgate, her suburban residence, of which we have given an engraving, is a group of Gothic cottages, erected by Miss Coutts on her estate, and which are, in their way, models of convenience and elegance. At Holly Lodge she has been honoured to receive visits from members of the royal family; and there, it will be remembered, she hospitably entertained the Belgian volunteers on the occasion of their visit to this country a few years ago.

Miss Coutts takes the deepest interest in the efforts of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She is patron of that society, and on the 4th of May last the foundation-stone of the institution building in Jermyn Street was laid by her hands. This building has recently been opened for the society's business, and is a handsome and useful structure.

In connection with this subject, we may refer to a letter addressed to the editor of the "Times," on the 14th of September last. The occasion of the letter was the brutal usage to which, it was observed, live stock imported from the continent was subjected. "I feel it a duty," writes Miss Coutts, "to entreat public attention to a systematic training among all classes, both in the principles of humanity towards animals and in a knowledge of the proper treatment of creatures that we are dependent upon for sustenance and other comforts of life. . . . An American gentleman, Mr. Angell, who has done much in this direction in his own country, earnestly pressed upon me to try to form a society somewhat similar to one established in Massachusetts, under the name of the 'Ladies' Humane Society.' I promised to do all I could to promote so good an object through the only public channel I could hope to influence—that of national school education. But as the present exposure of a serious evil has arisen in your pages, I think I best redeem my promise to Mr. Angell by suggesting, through you, to all persons engaged in teaching, in whatever rank of life, that some plan should be adopted for inculcating, in a definite manner, principles of humanity towards animals, and a knowledge of their structure, treatment, and value to man." Here we may also add that when on a recent visit to Scotland this humane lady inspected Mr. Reid's improved cattle-truck, which is fitted with appliances for supplying animals with hay, oatmeal, and water during their journey. By her direction a trial was made of the truck in conveying cattle from

Edinburgh to London. What had been before denied was fully proved—the cattle ate and drank heartily on the way, and arrived at their destination in excellent condition. Miss Coutts has applied to the directors of several railway companies to have, at her own expense, some of their ordinary trucks fitted up on Mr. Reid's principle, with the view of introducing a more merciful treatment of the poor animals carried long distances by rail.

In concluding our account of the charitable deeds of a lady whose name is destined to rank so high in the annals of British beneficence, we cannot refrain from remarking that what most calls forth our admiration in connection with Miss Coutts's large liberalities, is her personal, tender, and sympathetic interest in the case and condition of the poor whom she has chosen to befriend, and the considerate thoughtfulness and business-like sagacity so anxiously directed to secure that each undertaking for their benefit may be permanent for good, and conduce to their social, moral, and spiritual elevation. May she be long spared to continue her works of piety and beneficence.

SOME MUSICAL REMINISCENCES OF A WORKING MAN.

I.

My earliest recollection of a pleasurable appreciation of musical sounds is associated with delightful feelings of personal comfort, both of which are doubtless due to the fact that I first began to relish music while, as yet an infant, I lay in the lap of an elder sister, as she lulled me to sleep by the tones of her own sweet voice. When I grew old enough to run about the streets of my native town, which I was allowed to do more than was good for me, I found myself invariably attracted by any wandering minstrels who came to the place, and usually followed them wherever they went. That was before the invasion of Britain by the Piedmontese, and their congeners, the Savoyards, with their organs, hurdy-gurdies, and bagpipes, white mice and monkeys. There were no grinding organs then to be met with, at least in the provinces; but there were blind fiddlers and harpists, and soloists on clarinet and oboe; and there were travelling concerted bands, uniting these instruments with others, and executing their music in a style which, whatever I might think of it now, could I hear it again, was ravishing to my childish ears.

At eight years of age I was packed off to a boarding-school in one of the midland counties, and set to grapple with the Latin grammar amongst some thirty boys, nearly all of whom were older than myself. It was the custom in schools then for every boy to fight his way to the position he was to occupy, and it was not until I had gone through the ordeal of sundry battles, that I was suffered to take my rightful standing. I found some compensation for the fist-cuffs, and the stubbornness of declensions and conjugations, in the musical *furor* which happened just then to prevail among the boys. One of the elder lads had taken it into his head to make a model of the dancing-master's kit, which that worthy brought in his pocket every Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the few boys who were his pupils. The attempt had succeeded so well that most of the other boys were fain to follow his example, and fiddle-

making became the rage. Very queer productions grew out of the lads' industry—the whole of the work, even to the carving of the pegs and boring the sockets for them, having to be done with a pocket-knife. But, rough as they were, it was still possible to play a tune upon them, and that was all the makers aspired to. My own attempt, though most enthusiastically made, failed altogether; but, after a time, when the rage for manufacturing had gone by, I came, by barter, into possession of one of the treasures, and a real comfort it proved to me under many a boyish grievance. I remember that the bows were a grand difficulty, and for a time the use of them had to be superseded by tobacco-pipes, which were constantly breaking, and moreover would never bring out a fair tone. Fortunately, when this dilemma was at the worst, a horse-fair was held for several days on the common, during which a couple of enterprising day-boys in our interest levied wholesale contributions on the longest tailed of the brutes, and supplied all our wants without stint. We had no musical instruction, nor can I remember ever seeing a note of music during the whole of the four years I remained at the school; we caught by ear the current tunes of the period, and sometimes a lad returning from a holiday would bring back a new one. Our chief stock were of a class which now are nearly all obsolete; among them I can recall, however, a few that even now are in request at merry-makings, such as "The Recovery," "John of Paris," "Tink-a-tink," "Mrs. Macleod," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and others of a similar type. The reader need not suppose that this fiddling hobby lasted long with the boys; in fact it was dropped by the mass of them before the expiration of my first "half;" but a few of us who had a real bias that way never dropped it, but kept our instruments and improved our practice; and when the long winter evenings came round, and we crouched round the scanty schoolroom fire, our services were in pretty constant request.

At twelve years of age I left the boarding-school and rejoined my family, who before this time had removed to Bath, where I arrived on the same day with old Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III, her Majesty having been ordered to the hot springs for the benefit of her health. Here I managed for the first time to procure a real fiddle, with which I speedily grew enamoured, much to the annoyance of my parents and sisters, who disliked "the scraping noise," as they termed it, and besought me one and all to practise the flute instead. The present of a second-hand third flute from my mother induced me to comply so far with their wishes as to practise that only in their hearing, without however giving up the fiddle. I now began to be ashamed of my ignorance of music, and resolving to master the theory of it, set about the business at once. This was not an easy matter, as I had no money to pay for lessons, and ten hours of every day were taken up in working at the trade by which I was ultimately to get my living. By good luck I borrowed an instruction-book and a musical grammar, and as one or other of these was always in my pocket to be referred to at every leisure occasion, I gradually imbibed the necessary knowledge, though I was never well able to say exactly how I came by it. At this time I received no wages, and often did not touch a shilling of my own for months together. The consequence was that I had to get my music without buying it. My method was to

learn off a tune by heart at the window of White's music-shop, or at Loder's opposite, and then run home and write it out. It would puzzle me to do this now; but I grew by practice so skilful in doing it then, that in the course of a year I thus bagged more than a hundred small pages of new music. About the same time I contrived a simple machine for transposition. The tunes I thus copied were often in flat keys, and as with a one-keyed third I could only play in sharps, they had to be transposed before they were of any use to me. My machine was nothing but an open frame, in which the lines for notation were represented by thin threads stretched from right to left. As I wrote my music on faint pencil lines, it was easy to ignore these in playing, while the page could be adjusted behind the strained threads to correspond with any key that suited my instrument.

Of course I made many musical acquaintances with lads of my own age, and practising at all spare moments, my progress in both instruments must have been pretty fair, seeing that I soon began to be in request at amateur concerts and juvenile gatherings, and now and then had confidence enough to play before the promenading fashionables in the pump-room, as a substitute for one of my companions when he wanted a holiday. The pump-room band consisted then of a harp, violin, and clarionet, and the music was of a slow, dreamy, soothing sort, calculated to quiet the nerves, and to assist, it is to be hoped, the due operation of the chalybeate spring water.

The flute at that time was a much more popular instrument than it is in our day, and one could scarcely go anywhere of an evening, after the work of the day was over, without hearing its plaintive notes. Among the most notable of the amateur flutists was a dwarf known as "Little Meredith." At that time he could not have been far from forty years of age, though he was exceeded in stature by many a child of seven. He dressed himself in the costume of a country squire, with swallow-tailed coat, figured vest, corduroy breeches, and top-boots. He delighted in the society of boys, and had a room in Chandos Buildings, near the Queen's bath, where he used to receive them at all hours, and join in any amount of fun and racket they chose to indulge in. I was introduced to him first one Saturday afternoon when a party had been made up to surprise him. He received us with ceremonious courtesy, and being asked to give us a tune, got upon a table in the middle of the room in order to comply. As he pulled out his flute with an air, and began putting it together, we all did the same—a spectacle which at first almost took away his breath, and then sent him into a fit of laughter that threatened to choke him. He was an accomplished player, and gave us some choice airs which he played from a German volume, and which were quite new to us, performing them with admirable expression. Before we left he made us all play "Maggie Lauder," with twelve variations, each flute taking a different variation. A deafening charivari it was, as the reader may imagine, but the din and the frolic of it appeared to delight him beyond measure.

I cannot recall the exact date, but it must have been shortly before 1820, that Madame Catalani came to Bath, on which occasion a concert of sacred music was to be performed at the Abbey Church, where the great Italian cantatrice would be of course the chief attraction. I had resolved to hear her, cost what it might, but when the prospectuses were published,

and I saw the tickets priced at a guinea, my resolution vanished—I could not have raised a guinea had it been to save my life. But lo! just as I had despaired, I fell in with one of my companions, Jack Dash, who was apprenticed to Holland, the organ-builder, in Argyle Street. I attacked him at once, and showed him how he might manage to secure an inside place for both of us. As Jack had to tune the organ the day before the concert, I suggested that it would be easy to leave the finishing touch until the morning of the eventful day, when we could go together, and by delaying conclusions till the last moment, contrive to secrete ourselves as the company were coming in. He had no objection to make the experiment, and we made it accordingly. It happened, however, when the critical moment came, that no other place of concealment offered than the inside of the organ itself, and thither we had to retire, and to take a standing on a plank that ran along between the diapasons in front and the shrill metallic rows of pipes in the rear. Here for my own part I was nearly stunned by the clamour that rang around me during the overture; nor did the sight of the great singer's tiara of jewels and her plump shoulders, as I peeped down upon her from between the pedal pipes, reconcile me to my position. Jack was as little pleased as I was, and motioning to me to do as he did, watched his opportunity, and opening the door, beckoned to old Ralph the bellows-blower, by whose friendly aid we got down without attracting notice. We had little difficulty afterwards in finding a convenient seat.

This morning's entertainment was an epoch in my life. I had never before felt the true character and full force of music, and I left the Abbey Church that day with a crowd of new feelings and ideas that in a manner made me a stranger to myself. Odd as it may seem, it was not the wondrous voice of the great prima donna, delightful and fascinating as I found it, that affected me most powerfully, as it probably would have done had I received a regular musical education. What took entire possession of me was the choruses of Handel, which, mostly selected from the "Messiah," I then heard sung for the first time. They were to my mind a revelation of stupendous sublimity, and I had no words to express the new ideas to which they gave birth. In the "For unto us," I seemed not merely to hear but to see the whole creation stirred up to joy and rejoicing; a tone of irrestrainable jollity resounded through all nature, arousing every living thing to mirth and gratulation, from the tiniest insects on the wing to "Behemoth, biggest born of earth," whose exulting gladness I recognised in the bounding bass notes trolling responsively to the appealing trebles, and all finally culminating in one unanimous burst of praise. For the time I was carried away by the new sensations, and was hardly sensible of anything but the divine sounds that floated around. But when all was over there came a reaction which was anything but a pleasure. My flute and fiddle had grown despicable to me, and for a whole week I touched neither, and nourished a sort of savage contempt of myself because I could reproduce nothing that I had heard at the Abbey.

This feeling naturally wore off, but not before it had urged me to obtain by negotiation with a broker an old square pianoforte, for which I was to pay by instalments, partly in cash and partly in the labour of my hands. I put the piano into a lumber-room that jutted out in the rear of my mother's house, and

here I strummed upon it early and late, being as much surprised as pleased at the ease with which apparent difficulties were to be overcome. One of my companions, a lad of my own age, was "Jem C—," who had a cast of the gamin about him, denoted by the recklessness of his costume, and his superabundant hilarity of spirits. He could read but imperfectly, and wrote still worse, but I think, even now, that he was a boy of real genius, who under wise treatment would have distinguished himself. He was a younger brother of Miss C— the actress, who afterwards became Mrs. W—. His father, a tradesman in Broad Street, had taught him his own business, at which the boy could do almost a man's work before he was twelve years of age; but the father, given to wrath in his cups, was in the habit of cudgelling him brutally—not unfrequently to such an extent that poor Jem would be crippled, and have to lie by for days together. The upshot of this was that in his thirteenth year he ran away from home, and maintained himself by working at his trade wherever he could get employment, and domesticating with an old woman who "took him in and did for him" for the consideration of seven weekly shillings. Jem did not know a note of music, and was not likely to know anything theoretically, as no earthly consideration would induce him to look into a book; but he played the fiddle exquisitely, and excelled in a comic style that was irresistibly ludicrous—imitating at his ease the voice of every living thing, from the bellowing of a bull to the chirp of a cricket. He took part regularly in our boyish concerts, not of course playing the written part, but improvising one of his own. When Jem heard that I had got a piano, and was fitting up the lumber-room for evening practice, he volunteered to take the piano part himself. I laughed at him, but he turned the laugh against me at our first meeting, and fairly electrified us all. It seems that he had been accustomed to amuse himself as a child at his sister's piano almost as soon as he could walk, and had been suffered to do so without hindrance. He used only the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, but did wonderful execution with his left. He would extemporise the most bewitching harmonies to any air that was played, producing them with infinite variety, and never repeating himself. Again and again, in the long winter evenings, did I fiddle to his rapturous accompaniments, till my mother's allowance of candle had burnt out in the socket, and it being far too late for him to think of knocking up his old landlady, he had to share my bed.

PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH.

Our engraving represents (all but the colour) a *fac-simile* of a message recently sent by telegraph from Lyons to Paris. Our copy is necessarily black, printer's ink being the pigment used. The colour of the telegraphic picture now before us is *blue*, which, being reflected on by a chemist, proclaims the nature of the operation no less clearly than if the telegraphic artist had been by his side to explain how the result was brought about. Considering it probable that some, at least, of our readers would like to know how this transmission of a pictorial or illustrated telegraphic despatch has been accomplished, we shall try to explain the process, without puzzling them

with mechanical details, at once confusing and, in a popular sense, uninteresting.

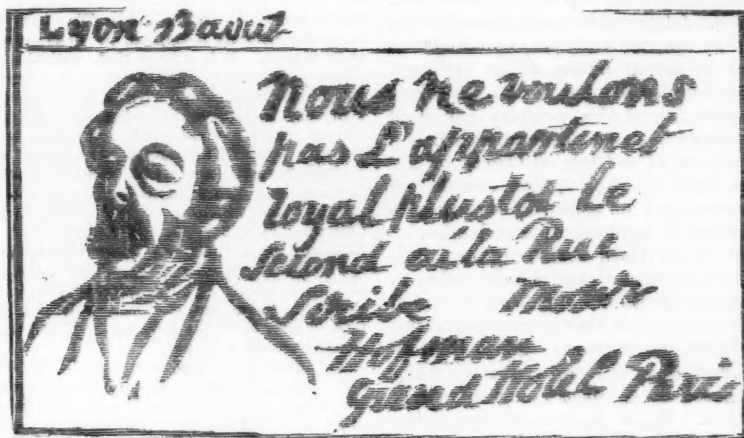
To begin at the very beginning, a lecturer desirous of making his audience acquainted with the first principles of electric telegraphy would probably set to work and deliver himself as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, there is in nature a thing called electricity. What it is I know not; whether an actual existence, a thing that we may call the 'electric fluid,' for example, or whether a mere motion or tendency to motion, amongst material particles, I do not know, and at this time nobody *pretends* to know. For present (that is to say for telegraphic) purposes it suffices us to be aware that, whether electricity be a specially existing matter—a fluid, if you so like to call it—or whether it be merely a motion, or (when static) a tendency to motion, amongst material particles, a progression really takes place." I shall not wonder if you are inclined to say to me this: "Grant that electricity is a fluid, I can understand it flowing; but if you will not grant this, I must divest myself of the idea of electrical motion." This objection having been urged, the lecturer explains himself by finding a parallel case. "It is easy" (says the lecturer) "to get rid of your difficulty. You cannot understand how progressive motion can result without a specific electric fluid. As thus: build up a row of card houses upon a table. Throw down the end card house, and what becomes of the rest? Do they not all fall, and is not the falling motion progressive? Again, did you ever observe what happens when a breeze passes over a field of standing corn? Do not waves form, and do they not chase each other from one to the other side of the cornfield?"

What I am laying stress on is this. Electricity, whatever it is, not only travels, but travels very fast, and although mostly invisible, it makes itself known by at least three modes of indication, which are as follows:—(1) It will deflect a magnetic needle; (2) it will convert momentarily a piece of soft iron into a magnet; (3) it will effect chemical decomposition, all not irregularly, but according to fixed laws and regulations which may be codified and taken advantage of for telegraphic purposes.

Suppose, for the purpose of illustrating this part of the subject, we go back to the most ancient form of electric telegraph—the needle telegraph. The principles on which the action of this instrument depends are so easy that anybody who chooses to pay attention to what I am about to say can understand them. The primary fact is just this. If a magnetic needle suspended so that it may turn obedient to any impressed force, be placed near to a wire conveying electricity, this needle, first, will be affected; secondly, it will always be affected in one and the same way for one and the same relation to the electrical wire. As I profess only to give first principles here, I do not consider it necessary to state what the exact influence effected upon the magnetic needle is; enough that whatever the influence may be, it is invariable. Does it not follow then that we have the elements before us out of which an electrical telegraphic communication may be achieved? Assume for the sake of example that I—having command of a voltaic battery, a combination for developing electricity and setting it in motion, as most of us know—suppose that I am in London and you at Manchester; suppose you sit before your table, upon which is a freely suspended magnetic needle; suppose that extending from my

voltaic battery to your table, and thence back to me again, so as to complete the circuit, is a wire giving passage to a current of electricity. All this being so, every time I send a current of electricity along the wire, your freely suspended magnetic needle ought to be deflected, if what I have already stated on that head be reliable. Deflected it certainly will be, but in what precise direction I am not enabled to predict, until I know the relative position of your magnet to my wire. No matter; but please bear in mind that it is easy so to arrange the wire with respect to the

no doubt of that, so you will be pleased to associate the two remaining with Faraday. I take it as unquestionable that Faraday was the very first to show how magnetism could be developed at will out of electricity; and the reverse, electricity out of magnetism. Magnetism is, so to say, only electricity turned upside down, as electricity is only magnetism turned downside up. You will excuse this home-spoken language, when I can quote Sir John Herschel for a still homelier expression, that "whereas common light is as a broomstick, polarised light is as a lath;



needle that the latter shall be deflected either to the right or the left at my good pleasure. Surely it would be easy now for me to have intercourse with you by telegraph. Between ourselves might we not have agreed that one dash of the needle towards the right should stand for A, one to the left for B, or two or ten or ten thousand if we wanted to complicate a naturally simple matter. Bear in mind I am not concerned in making known the exact signals a needle telegraphist *does* use, but that you and I might use any within the limits of the problem agreed on as between ourselves.

With these general indications, then, do we dispose of the whole tribe and array of "needle telegraphs." It may be still well to bear in mind that, however complex these needle telegraphs may be now, and are, yet one and all they sprang from a certain discovery made by Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, in 1819, viz., that whenever an electric current passed in the vicinity of a freely suspended magnetic needle, the latter invariably tended to assume a rectangular direction in respect to the current; which, in simple language, is equivalent to saying that the needle tended to lie across the electrical current.

Coming back to principles (and let the fact be borne in mind I do not mean to go beyond principles), electric telegraphs, in which I purpose to include magnetic telegraphs, numerous as they are and most complex as to their mechanical varieties, may functionally be reduced to three primary divisions. Either the passing electricity is made to deflect a needle (we have had enough of that), or it is made to produce a magnet, and thence mechanical motion, or finally it is made to effect chemical decomposition. Now, as you have already associated the needle telegraph in all its varieties with Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen,

one conveying the idea of flatness, the other of roundness."

Faraday proved that electricity in motion could be made to generate a magnet instantaneously. Remember that fact, and as I desire to be practical take the case thus:—Purchase some wire covered with silk or gutta percha; wind that wire around a bar of soft iron, say a fire poker. Pass a current of electricity along that wire, and what do you think will happen? The bar of iron, the poker, for as long as the current of electricity is passing round it, but no longer, becomes a magnet, a powerful magnet. If the poker be bent into the form of the letter U the developed magnetic force can be more easily demonstrated. On passing the current the two ends will pick up a steel bar, because they have become magnets; on ceasing to pass the current, the steel bar already picked up will fall, the magnetic attraction having ceased. Here, then, through electricity developing magnetism we get alternating motion, and wherever we *do* get alternating motion we can convert it into circular or any other sort of motion by devices well known to the mechanician. If I were lecturing on the steam-engine, I should be careful neither to go astray myself nor to lead my audience astray by any description of the secondary or tertiary applications of steam. For example, newspaper printing-machines are usually worked by steam, but that is for convenience, they might be worked by hand, by wind, by water. My description of the steam-engine should be limited to the measures taken for getting alternating motion. And so here, speaking of the almost endless number of telegraphs that have come out of Faraday's discovery of the correlation between electricity and magnetism, I think it my duty to stop short with an indication of the manner in which

alternating motion is got out of electricity. Unfortunately, the power thus developed is trivial, mechanically speaking, and by comparison with steam, otherwise electricity as a mechanical force might find numerous applications.

Having made apparent, I hope, by the device of poker and wire coil, how electricity may be converted into magnetism, and how, out of magnetism, may be got a reciprocating mechanical motion, it would seem complete and logical that I should indicate how, beginning with magnetism, we may end with electricity. I shall not explain how this is effected, but simply impress the fact that such can be and is effected. Some of the modern telegraphic arrangements are very wonderful: that one, for example, by which the message is printed in actual letters of an ordinary alphabet. Still, the wonder belongs to the secondary range of mechanism, not to the primary range of electricity. So soon as a clever mechanic has a means supplied to him of getting alternate or reciprocative motion, then all that motion can do (no matter how the motion may be achieved) lies open to his ingenuity in details of mechanical contrivance.

Lastly, we come to our third and functional division of electric telegraphs—those which rely on chemical decomposition for their indications, to which category belongs the telegraph that accomplished the original of our drawing. Various chemical compounds (not all, and this is just what Faraday proved) are decomposed by an electric current transmitted through them. Were I desirous of seeming learned I should here pause to impress on my audience the meaning and value of some big words, amongst which anode, cathode, anion, and cathion would be conspicuous. If I make no such pause—if I go straight on, it is under the conviction that we can do very well without these technical terms, though they are eminently useful and respectable in their proper places. Of greater importance to remember is this: that iodide of potassium is decomposed by electricity with remarkable facility, and that when decomposed iodine is liberated. Further, whereas iodide of potassium does not strike blue in contact with starch, free iodine does: *ergo*, if a piece of paper, saturated with iodide of potassium and starch, and dried, be placed in contact with a metallic point through which electricity may be passed or not passed, at pleasure, then the blueing of the paper may be taken as a sign of the passage of electricity. Taking advantage of this principle, the originals of our pictures were produced; but the mechanical means whereby effect was given to the principles hardly belong to the domain I sketched out for myself, and have endeavoured not to transgress. Suffice it to say that, by the use of specially prepared ink, the current of electricity was sent through some and not other parallel lines marked on a revolving cylinder in the telegraph office at Lyons, and in the corresponding office at Paris the current of electricity decomposed the iodide salt, making blue traces on some lines and leaving other lines unaffected. The result was the instantaneous production of the message in our illustration, along with the portrait of the sender.*

* Our wood engraving necessarily loses something of the likeness of the sender of the telegram, E. W. H. Schenley, Esq., F.R.C.S. The original was sketched off-hand by the accomplished pencil of his daughter, Miss Agnes Schenley, and is so accurate that any one on seeing it would immediately recognise the portrait. Other specimens have been kindly shown to us by A. A. Croll, Esq., Chairman of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company.

Varieties.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S MOAN.—"What government at this day professes to be Catholic? . . . What country in Europe at this day recognises the unity and authority of the Catholic Church as a part of its public laws? What country has not, by royal edicts, or legislative enactments, or revolutionary changes, abolished the legal status of the Catholic Church within its territory? As governments and nations, they have by their own act withdrawn themselves from the unity of the Church. As moral or legal persons they are Catholics no longer. The faithful, indeed, among their subjects will be represented in the Council by their pastors. But if any separation has taken place, it is because the civil powers have separated themselves from the Church. They have created the fact, the Holy See has only recognised it. The gravity of the fact is not to be denied. It is strange that, with the immutability of the Church and the 'progress,' as it is vaunted, of society before their eyes, men should charge upon the Church the responsibility of breaking off its relations with society. It is not the Church which has departed from unity, but society which has departed from Christianity and from faith. . . . The Pontiffs have for generations been lifting up their voices in vain to warn the governments of Christendom of the peril of breaking the bonds which unite civil society to the faith and to the Church. They have maintained inflexibly, and at great suffering and danger, their own temporal dominion, not only for the spiritual independence of the Church, but for the consecration of civil society. But the governments of the Christian world would not listen, and so now a general council meets, and the place where, as at the Lateran, at Florence, and at Trent, they would have sat is empty."

TELEGRAPHIC "INTELLIGENCE."—The "Bombay Gazette" says of the new line of telegraphic communication with Europe, *via* Russia:—"It is but due to it that we should acknowledge in our overland summary the remarkable service it has rendered to India as a means of transmitting public news and private advices. The following telegrams, printed as received, speak for themselves; they are Reuter's:—'London, 17th.—Alderman salomon titus salt baromds crawfords refused corranclay another agriablan assination ireland carecton butry catholic archbishop Armach. 21st.—Days insurrection volontry Barcelona refused disarm erektea bariechres tatetupl send amaise of severe fighting orders restored Jestik fleary pattot cornuned sonied. 22d.—letter popp Rumming Kunning contat allap non—Catholics auter encommedial Concil for discussion from already contend abitury generally chained hoals ford times braves suppes deserved with drawtoe to presented spot his government saying excepted instructions and Washington government disavowes, proedirm a amors King Portugal accepting throne shrit abdicating favour Creditary prince secretary governor tarasend—assasinted republican mob for attempting put down revolutionary flows bank hole Canbreisn discute rounoured large withdrawal to-morrow sneely telegraphed Washington Spain resolved not negotiate for sales Empeureur Napoleon have given audience to Lord Clarendon prince prussian Coning Constantinople afterchetir suez brashop excited.'"

SHELTER FOR CABMEN.—A most important movement has been commenced in Edinburgh to afford shelter for cabmen. Through the exertions of Mr. A. B. Fleming, a neat wooden building, designed by Mr. Pilkington, and provided by subscriptions from inhabitants in the neighbourhood and the cabmen themselves, has been erected at the stand at Randolph Crescent. Large side-windows are provided in it, by which a full view of the road in each direction can be commanded; and it is entered by a door from the street-side immediately facing the stand. A gas-stove is to be provided for it, along with which there will be a small boiler for the supply of hot water. The movement is on the face of it so admirable that we think there would be little difficulty in raising the funds necessary to provide similar shelter in London and other large towns. The nature of their employment exposes the cabmen to all the influences of cold and wet, and accordingly they are great sufferers from consumption and acute and chronic rheumatism, but more especially from bronchitis. If shelter, such as has been provided in Edinburgh, were procured for the cabmen in every town, there would be less intemperance, and their calling would be rendered in every respect a more healthy, profitable, and respectable one. If, in addition, these stands were each provided with a restaurant, where good food was provided, the movement would prove a still greater boon to poor cabby.—*British Medical Journal*.